

WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

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QUINCY CARDS.

The following is a list of first-class Quincy Business Houses and representative men. We would call the attention of those of our patrons who deal in Quincy, especially country merchants, to this list. Especial care was taken to have first-class, responsible men on the list.

L. C. WILLIAMSON,
BRASS FOUNDER,
MOBEL MAKER AND MACHINE REPAIRER
Third and Main Streets,
QUINCY, ILLINOIS.
I will work guaranteed satisfactory or no pay. Cash paid for old copper, brass, zinc and lead.

H. C. NICHOLS,
LAW AND REAL ESTATE,
202 Main Street,
QUINCY, ILLINOIS.

SMITH, HILL & CO.,
Manufacturers of
IRON HOUSE FRONTS,
ALL KINDS OF GRAY IRON CASTINGS,
Quincy, Illinois,
corner Fifth and Ohio streets.

J. H. MICHELMANN,
Manufacture of all kinds of
STEAM BOILER
and Oil, Lard and Water Tanks,
Coolers, Kettles, Etc.,
All kinds of Iron Work, Smoke Stacks and
chimneys. Special attention given to all kinds of
repairs. Orders by mail or telegraph promptly
attended to. Second hand boilers always on hand.
Corner Spring and See Streets
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R. L. DARROW
NOTARY PUBLIC,
REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE AGENT.
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Will buy and sell Real Estate, pay taxes,
write and acknowledge deeds of all kinds,
make abstracts direct from records, prepare
contracts and write insurance policies in first
class companies. Office, over Kirkville Sav-
ings Bank, with F. M. Harrington. -1514

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Estate and Tax Paying Agent.
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Buy and sell lands, town property etc., on
commission. Some very desirable farms and city
property unimproved and improved for sale at
great bargains. Taxes paid. All business col-
lected, furnished, and accounts collected promptly.
Correspondence solicited. All business done
with care and promptness. Office—South
corner square, over Jamison's Drug Store, No.
200 Main St.

A. M. SMITH & CO.,
H. E. PATTERSON
Real Estate, Tax-Paying and Insurance Agents
Notary Public, Etc.,
KIRKSVILLE, MO.

Buy and sell on commission—make collections—
execute titles, furnish abstracts, write deeds of
conveyance. Have for sale large tracts of the most
productive grazing land at low figures either in A. & J.
adjoining counties, well watered and fertile
land, or in payment to suit purchaser with low
rate of interest. Lands especially adapted to sheep
raising, being elevated and rolling. Have also
large lot of improved farms in tracts from 40 acres
to 160 acres, near market and contiguous to
outlying range. Also town property and build-
ings. No agents—free correspondence with non-
residents owning lands or town property in this or
other counties is respectfully solicited. No
charge, no cost, no delay.

CHAS. S. BOSCHOW,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
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Will attend calls at all hours. Office new rooms
rear of Jamison's Drug Store. -1514

KENNEDY & LINK,
DEALERS IN
Grain, Seed, Hay
Etc., Etc.,
SLOAN'S OLD STAND
Directly west of the Parcel's House

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MARBLE WORKS,
DAVID BAIRD, Proprietor.
—DEALER IN—
AMERICAN AND ITALIAN MARBLE,
MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, ETC.,
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All orders filled on short notice. North
east corner of the public square.
Marble Purchased direct from the quarries
and only the best of workmen employed.

J. W. JOHNSTON,
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A. T. FOWLER'S
MERCHANT TAILOR.
KIRKSVILLE, MO.
(East side square over Jamison's Drug Store)
the place to get the Best Suit of Clothes for the
least money.

H. S. HAMILTON,
DEALER IN
WOOD, COAL ETC
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Office : : NORTH SIDE SQUARE.
W. D. OLDHAM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
KIRKSVILLE, MO.
Office—Over Hope & Hope's store South side
square.

NOTICE.
Built on the corner southwest of the Brick Stable
and devoted all my attention to midwifery and all
obstetrical cases.
CATHERINE C. DAVIS.

UNCLE OWEN'S WIFE

OR

THE REDGRAVE MYSTERY

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE WONDERFUL REVELATION.

It is necessary that we now go back a few months in our story. Uncle Owen's wife was on her flight from her evil genius. As she sat in the train which sped along through the woods of Wisconsin she was reflecting on the past and her future course.

Was not all this flight useless? Could she not at any moment halt and defy Sonnetti? Could she not hand him over to the authorities of the law? She found herself as if recovering from some strange spell. She keenly realized that she had been acting the part of a foolish person all along.

"Oh, if I only had some one whom I could trust," she said to herself with a sigh.

Then came judgement, reason and conscience, which said in trumpet tones:

"Foolish woman, whom could you trust better than your husband?"

"I have done wrong, I have been doing wrong all the time," she said to herself. "It may not be too late even now to appeal to him. If I could tell him how sorry I am—"

"Mama, mama," said the little boy at her side. "Man, man, good man, good man."

She looked down at her child and saw him interested in an elderly gentleman with a clerical appearance, who sat upon a seat in front of them, and was beckoning little Owen Redgrave to him.

"Do not be rude, Owen," chided the mother. "You must not disturb the gentleman."

"He is not disturbing me, mama," said the clerical looking gentleman.

"Allow him to come to me for I am always delighted with children and he is such a bright little fellow that I know he must be an interesting child."

Little Owen did not wait for any further invitation, or even permission from his mother, but breaking away ran to the stranger. In a moment the gentleman had the little fellow on his knee and was talking to him in such a way as made the child clap his hands with delight.

Mrs. Redgrave sat watching the stranger's growing interest in the child. He seemed each moment getting more and more attached to him, and little Owen was pleased with his new friend.

"What is your name?" the stranger asked.

"Owen," the child answered in his sweet, innocent way.

"Owen—Owen who? What other name have you?"

The little fellow was silent. Poor Owen, he had never known his real name, and was confused and astounded at the question. The mother shuddered when she thought that she had kept from the child his real name. Owen looked helplessly at his mother, and the stranger interpreting his desire said:

"I have asked him his name and he said Owen, but does not remember his other name. I guess he wants you to tell him."

The guilty woman made no answer for several moments. At last she evaded the question by a king:

"What is your name, sir, please?"

"Stanton, William Stanton."

"Are you not a minister of the gospel?"

"Yes, madame."

"Do you live here?"

"I get off at the next station. Where are you going?"

"I do not know exactly."

"Do not know where you are going?"

"No, sir, I am a fugitive," she whispered. The minister fixed his astounded eyes upon the woman before him. Had she violated the law or was her mind affected?

Uncle Owen's wife grasping at a straw determined, as a last resort, to trust the man before her, she said:

"I believe I can trust you. I believe you are good and I must trust some one. I have lived three years in trouble and distress. I have not intentionally done wrong."

icate one and hardly dared to venture a single assertion.

"I am very sorry for you, unfortunately woman," he said, "and if I can do aught to make your burden lighter I would willingly do it."

"I have acted very foolish I know," she said at last, "but I have been insanely wild and frightened. I was three years ago the happy wife of a worthy man, but frightened at a crime I was forced to commit, I have fled pursued by a villain."

The minister was becoming more interested in this singular woman. With his mildly pleading eyes and face strongly expressive of sympathy he looked upon her for several moments not knowing what answer to make. At last he ventured to say:

"Woman, be your sins ever so dark there is One who can make them white; be your trouble ever so great there is One above who can alleviate your distress. Put your trust in Him and he will not forsake you."

She bowed her head and wept a moment, then she said:

"My story is a strange one, and full of sorrow. My maiden name was Lorelei Fontaine and my parents were Canadians who came from France. At an early age I was left an orphan and forced to depend on my own exertions for a livelihood. The little fortune left me by my parents I expended in acquiring a musical education, and set out in the world as a teacher. There was one man who was the bane of my existence. His name was Alrick Sonnetti, an Italian who had been reared in France and spoke that language equally as fluently as his own. Sonnetti was my musical professor, and from the first time his evil fell on me it seemed that I was doomed to ruin. He followed me where ever I went, and though I strove in various ways to get rid of him, he kept on my track. There seemed not a thing in my past history which the dark Italian did not know. His attentions grew from friendship to a gross familiarity and strive as I would I could not rid myself of him. He asked me to become his wife, but there was something about him which made me shudder. Sonnetti was ten or fifteen years my senior and I had detested him from the very first, and only tolerated him because his ability as a music teacher was unexcelled. On some occasions he was quite entertaining, and one evening in what I thought to be only a play I consented to a mock marriage. After the ceremony I was horrified to know that the man who performed it was a real minister and authorized to solemnize marriages. The Italian declared that he was my husband and that very evening I fled from him. That was five years ago, and it has been a constant flight and pursuit ever since. I have lived the life of a fugitive fleeing from a man who was my lawful though not my real husband."

"I went to the south and was pursued to Memphis by Sonnetti, here he came very near getting me, but I escaped from him and went on board a steamer, the Silver Wing, registering under my own name."

"On the way to St. Louis the vessel was burned and I was rescued by Owen Redgrave a Kentucky planter and a bachelor. I was very ill a long time and he had me taken to his own house. I did wrong, but I could not help it. I loved him and he loved me, and as my name being reported among the lost in the wreck and hoping never again to see or hear of Sonnetti I consented to be Owen Redgrave's wife. I had assumed the name of Alice Harcourt and as such was married. Scarce was I the wife of Owen Redgrave when Sonnetti appeared in the neighborhood. He stopped me one night as I was going home from the village, and there swore he would denounce me if I did not pay him a sum of money which I was to get from my husband."

"I cannot tell all the horrors which I have suffered now. I was at last forced to fly from my husband and his home and have ever since been a wanderer. This child was born among strangers and I have been forced to live among strangers, and fly with him at intervals every few months to escape Sonnetti."

The minister was very much interested in the recital of this story. He sat for several moments after she had concluded her story gazing sympathetically at the woman before him. She was the soul of truthfulness he

was sure, and he could not doubt her story.

"Do you not know where you are going?" he asked.

"No sir."

"Stop with me. My house shall be your home. I will be your father and my wife your mother."

"Where do you live?" she asked.

"At the next station," he said.

They came to the next station and she consented to stop off with the minister and for the time being make her home at his house.

"You can defy this scoundrel and I would advise you to write full particulars to your husband," said the minister.

"I will," said Mrs. Redgrave, feeling bolder and stronger than she had felt before for years.

When the train drew up at the depot station she got out and went with the minister to his house. The minister's wife met them at the door, and when she had heard the sad story of the fugitive wife, she kissed her and assured her that she should find in their home a place of refuge.

"We have another fugitive here," said the wife to her husband. "While you were gone a stranger came here who is suffering from remorse at an evil deed he has done and is now seeking safety here."

"Who is he?" asked Mr. Stanton.

His name is Perley.

"Perley," cried Mrs. Redgrave in a bewildered sort of a way. "Did you say his name was Perley?"

"Yes that is what he said his name was."

"Where is he from?"

The minister's wife did not know.

"Is he a preacher?"

"I think not. He seems almost crazy with suffering, and tormented with something which affects his conscience."

At this moment footsteps were heard and Mrs. Stanton with her hand slightly uplifted said:

"There—there he comes now. I know it is he—I am sure it is."

The door creaked slightly on its hinges a moment and then opened timidly. A pale, haggard face looked in the room and a moment later a man entered.

Mrs. Redgrave gazed a moment at him and started back with a scream.

"What is the matter, madame?" asked Mr. Stanton.

"It is the man who married me to Sonnetti—but I never knew he was a minister or authorized to perform marriage."

For a moment the man stood staring wildly at her and then came forward until he was in front of her, where he paused and gazed down with his great hollow eyes. After a moment's strange awkward silence he began in a hollow, sepulchral voice:

"Yes she is the woman I wronged. I did not know her at first; but she is the woman. I have regretted the deed a thousand times, but regrets are useless now. I was not a minister, though the villain who employed me thought I was. I thought so myself. I had passed an examination and thought my license had been made out, but it seems that the ecclesiastical body considered me unworthy and I had no authority to solemnize the marriage but its too late—too late."

"Did you say you had no authority?" asked Mr. Stanton.

"Yes I said I had no authority. No more than the most common man in the world."

"Then Madam your marriage to Sonnetti is not legal," said the minister.

"And your marriage to Mr. Redgrave is legal," put in his wife.

With a glad cry the unfortunate woman who had passed through so many trials fell sobbing on the sofa. After she had sufficiently recovered they set about forming some plan whereby Uncle Owen could be communicated with and brought to his wife and child.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE DYING CONFESSION.

Had the earth suddenly opened before Sonnetti he could not have been more astounded. He could only glare in speechless amazement at the man who held his arm.

The only light which fell upon them was the dim light of the gas in the hall. It shone on the features of John Redgrave giving to them a more

complete death like palor than they had ever had before.

"What do you mean?" the Italian hissed through his clenched teeth.

"You shall not kill him, I mean cannot stand it," gasped John.

"Let go wize me."

"No, no, you will kill him."

"Fool, let go."

"Never."

"You shall."

"Never."

"I cut you through ze heart you fool."

"No—no, help, murder!" screamed John Redgrave under the impulse of that awful moment.

"What is that?" cried Uncle Owen springing from his bed roused by the noise and confusion of the excited men.

"Fool!"—hissed the Italian, "you will ruin all wize your nonsense. Beware Monsieur."

"Look out Uncle Owen, he intends to kill you," said John Redgrave in the wildest alarm.

"I will kill you both," hissed the frantic Italian. He had grown so desperate that he was now reckless of consequences.

"Look out," shouted John as he made a pass at him with his dagger. John's hand went to his hip and a moment later a bright barrel glittered in the faint light of the hall lamp.

Uncle Owen who had been roused from a deep sleep was of course not a little confused. It was some time before he could separate the waking reality with the unreal visions of his dreams. He was conscious of two dark forms struggling and fighting with each other at his open door which before going to sleep he had been careful to lock. There was a sharp cry followed by a loud report, and then the two forms fell prostrate upon the floor.

The first impulse of Owen Redgrave was to cover up his head but he thought better a moment later and rung the bell. Fire alarms were rung in all the rooms and in a moment the wildest confusion reigned.

Mr. Redgrave was no sooner wide awake than he properly conjectured the real cause of the trouble from the first. He found his nephew John Redgrave lying stretched along the hall quite dead, from the fatal stab given by Sonnetti. Near John's right hand was the weapon with which in his death agony he had sent the bullet to the breast of the assassin.

He recognized in Sonnetti James Rush the man who had sought his acquaintance and of whom he had been so mysteriously warned. Sonnetti was not dead, but his wounds were fatal. The proprietor of the hotel was roused and came to the scene.

"Carry this man to my room," said Uncle Owen pointing to Sonnetti.

"He can live but a very few moments and I want to question him."

The police were notified and detectives sent to the spot to find out if possible the cause of the double murder. Uncle Owen's request was granted, and when alone with Sonnetti and a police officer, who insisted on being present he said to the wounded man:

"Are you not James Rush?"

"I am he who was called James Rush, but my real name is Alrick Sonnetti. I am an Italian."

"Have you not tried to assassinate me?"

The dying wretch glared at him for a moment, and then a soft light stole over his face. He was approaching a new world, and gradually all the interest, malice and hatred of this world faded away from his mind.

"Yes," he answered, "I have tried and failed. Now I'm glad I failed."

"Did you not know my wife?"

"Aye Monsieur I knew her long before you know her at all. I know her when she was a little girl."

"Did you—then perhaps you know she was innocent of the murder of Abner Harding?"

"The Lord said to Joshua, while mourning before the Ark of God over the defeat of Israel: 'Get thee up, Israel hath sinned in taking of the accursed thing and they can no more stand before their enemies, neither will I come to you any more except ye destroy the accursed thing from among you.' God's Israel to day is suffering defeat on every hand. The Sabbath is being wrested from her grasp. She stands in the minority in the administration of law and justice. One after another of her strongholds are being captured. Like Israel of old she mourns her defeats and implores divine aid, but that same voice comes again saying 'get thee up. Wherefore liest in thy face? There is an accursed thing in your midst and ye can no longer stand before your enemies except ye take the accursed thing from among you.' Now let the search be made; and be-

The man who performed the ceremony was one whom Sonnetti had selected for the purpose, and one whom he believed to be a real minister of the gospel. When the marriage was performed and Lorelei learned that it was real and not a sham, she went into paroxysms of grief and horror, and that same hour fled. He pursued her from town to town until they came to Memphis where she got aboard the Silverwing. The villain said that though Lorelei was reported among the lost he had heard the news of a young lady named Harcourt being saved and determined to see her. An opportunity did not offer itself until after her marriage with Uncle Owen. Then he said he determined she should pay him a large annuity as he would expose her. He described the meeting between himself and Mrs. Redgrave on her return that evening from the village, and how he threatened to put those papers in the hands of Harding.

Disappointed and enraged at her failing to send the money at the time set, he had given the papers to Abner Harding, and then received the note, agreeing to attempt to procure the money. Failing to get the papers back, though he tried to buy off the lawyer, and, knowing full well that if investigated thoroughly, it would be proven that the man who had performed the ceremony was not a legally authorized minister, and that Mrs. Redgrave was guilty of bigamy, he in a fit of frenzy, waylaid the lawyer, late at night, shot him, and robbed his body of the papers. John Redgrave who was induced by the wily Sonnetti to accompany him on that fatal night, was in the woods at another point from which the murderous shot was fired. Seeing Mrs. Redgrave leave the house and follow in the course of the lawyer, and, noticing her return soon after the shot, it was only natural he should think her the murderer, but Sonnetti declared he committed the deed, and that she was innocent, good and pure.

As the Italian grew weaker from loss of blood, he said he had done this woman a great wrong and implored her forgiveness and the forgiveness of Mr. Redgrave. Then he told Uncle Owen that he would find his wife and his child, which so much resembled his father at Barksdale, Wisconsin, in the family of Mr. Stanton, a preacher. His face grew pale, and with faltering breath, he again murmured the one word, "forgive."

His confession over he became speechless and soon was dead.

Uncle Owen was almost delirious with joy at the confession and forgot the tragedy.

"My wife, my darling wife and child I will soon be wito you."

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Accursed Thing.

Published by Request.

It is rum, terrible engine of death that is destroying the most beautiful work of God's creation. Man, whom God so loved that He sent his only begotten Son to redeem and save him, and by the cleansing power of the blood shed upon calvary he again becomes a fit dwelling place for God's Holy Spirit.

Man in his sin deformed nature imagines vain things and seeks with his own inventions to produce a false spirit to fill the "empty garnished house" that sin has made vacant by driving away the spirit of God. Out of his golden grain and rich fruits, he has made a drug which he is commanded not to look upon, for at the last it biteth like a serpent and stings like an adder. When this poison is taken into the system it permeates the entire being, destroying the delicate tissues, degrading reason, ruining the soul and taking captive the will. In a few short months or years God's beautiful temple is an utter desolation, a lurking abode for devils and hideous monsters.

It is the use of this drug that is destroying the home, filling our land with crime and wrecking manhood and cursing souls.

This intoxicating drink is the most deadly foe to mankind, and every one who loves God, home and native land should at once enlist heart and hand in this temperance warfare.

The Lord said to Joshua, while mourning before the Ark of God over the defeat of Israel: "Get thee up, Israel hath sinned in taking of the accursed thing and they can no more stand before their enemies, neither will I come to you any more except ye destroy the accursed thing from among you." God's Israel to day is suffering defeat on every hand. The Sabbath is being wrested from her grasp. She stands in the minority in the administration of law and justice. One after another of her strongholds are being captured. Like Israel of old she mourns her defeats and implores divine aid, but that same voice comes again saying 'get thee up. Wherefore liest in thy face? There is an accursed thing in your midst and ye can no longer stand before your enemies except ye take the accursed thing from among you.' Now let the search be made; and be-

hold it is found in the house of rum! Here is Achan with the Babylonish garments; the shekel of silver and wedge of gold, stolen from what God has said is accursed, for it is the price of blood. This transgression of God's command has brought folly in Israel. It is not folly, indeed, under the name of personal liberty, to pave and beautify our streets, build side-walks with money that throws men into the gutter? Light our streets at the expense of the boys marching down to drunkards' graves. What shameful folly to barter the souls of men, clothe women and children in rags.

When this curse is removed, God will come and say to us as he did to Joshua "Fear not neither be dismayed; take all the people of war with thee and arise, go forth and conquer, and I will give into your hands the Prince of the power of darkness and a sin cursed country for Jesus."

Reindeer Hunting.

One sport that amuses the Eskimo boys very much would probably be called in our language "reindeer hunting." Having found a long and gentle slope on a side-hill, they place along the bottom of the hill a number of reindeer antlers, or, as we sometimes incorrectly call them, deer horns (for you boys must not forget that the antlers of a deer are not horns at all, but bone.) These antlers of the reindeer are stuck upright in the snow, singly or in groups, in such a manner that a sled, when well guided, can be run between them without knocking any of them down, the number of open spaces between the groups being equal to at least the number of sleds. The quantity of reindeer antlers they can thus arrange will, of course, depend upon their fathers' success the autumn before in reindeer hunting; but there are nearly always enough antlers to give two or three, and sometimes five or six, to each fearless young coaster.

The boys with their sleds, numbering from four to six in a fair-sized village, gather on the top of the hill, each boy having with him two or three spears or a bow with as many arrows. They start together, each boy's object being to knock down as many antlers as possible and not be the first to reach the bottom of the hill. You can see that in such a case, the slower they go when they are passing the antlers the better. They must knock over the antlers with their spears or arrows only, as those thrown down by the sled or with the bow or spear in the hand do not count. They begin to shoot their arrows and throw their spears as soon as they can get within effective shooting distance; and, even after they have passed between the rows of antlers, the more active boys will turn around on their flying sleds and hurl back a spear or arrow with sufficient force to bring down an antler.

When all have reached the bottom of the hill, they return to the rows of antlers, where each boy picks out those he has rightfully captured, and places them in a pile by themselves. Then those accidentally knocked over by the sleds are again put up and the boys return for another dash down the hill, until all the antlers have been "spear-ed."

Sometimes there is but one antler left, and when there are five or six contesting sleds the race becomes very exciting, for then speed counts in reaching the antler first. When all down, the boys count their winnings, and the victor is, of course, the one who obtained the greatest number of antlers.—From "The Children of the Cold," by Lieut. Frederic Schwatka, in St. Nicholas for April.

After George Washington had cut down his father's cherry tree his mother thought that the wood might be used for fuel and it was accordingly burned and reduced to ashes. Not long afterwards, Mrs. W. wished to make some soap, and took the cherry-tree ashes; but all her labor was in vain, for there was no lye in the ashes.

We have often looked for a sentence that would clearly explain it. A Western paper kindly supplied the want in this beautiful simile: "You might as well try to shampoo an elephant with a thimbleful of soap suds as to attempt business and ignore advertising."

A counterfeit twenty-dollar gold piece of the date 1880, has made its appearance. It is made almost entirely of lead, from a cast of the genuine coin and is battery gilded. It is of good appearance, and has a metallic ring; but is readily detected by its light weight. This is the first counterfeit of the double eagle ever reported.

An extensive exodus is taking place from Southwest Virginia and the adjoining counties of North Carolina. Three hundred persons, not including small children, have left this section for the West since March 1st, and as many as a thousand more have made arrangements to leave on the 1st of April. Most of them are landowners and comparatively prosperous.

A Missouri farmer refused to look at a sample sewing machine recently as he always "sowed wheat by hand." He is related to the man who did not want a threshing machine on his farm, "For," said he, "give me a harness-tug or a barrel-stave, and I can make my family to the mark according to law and Scripture."